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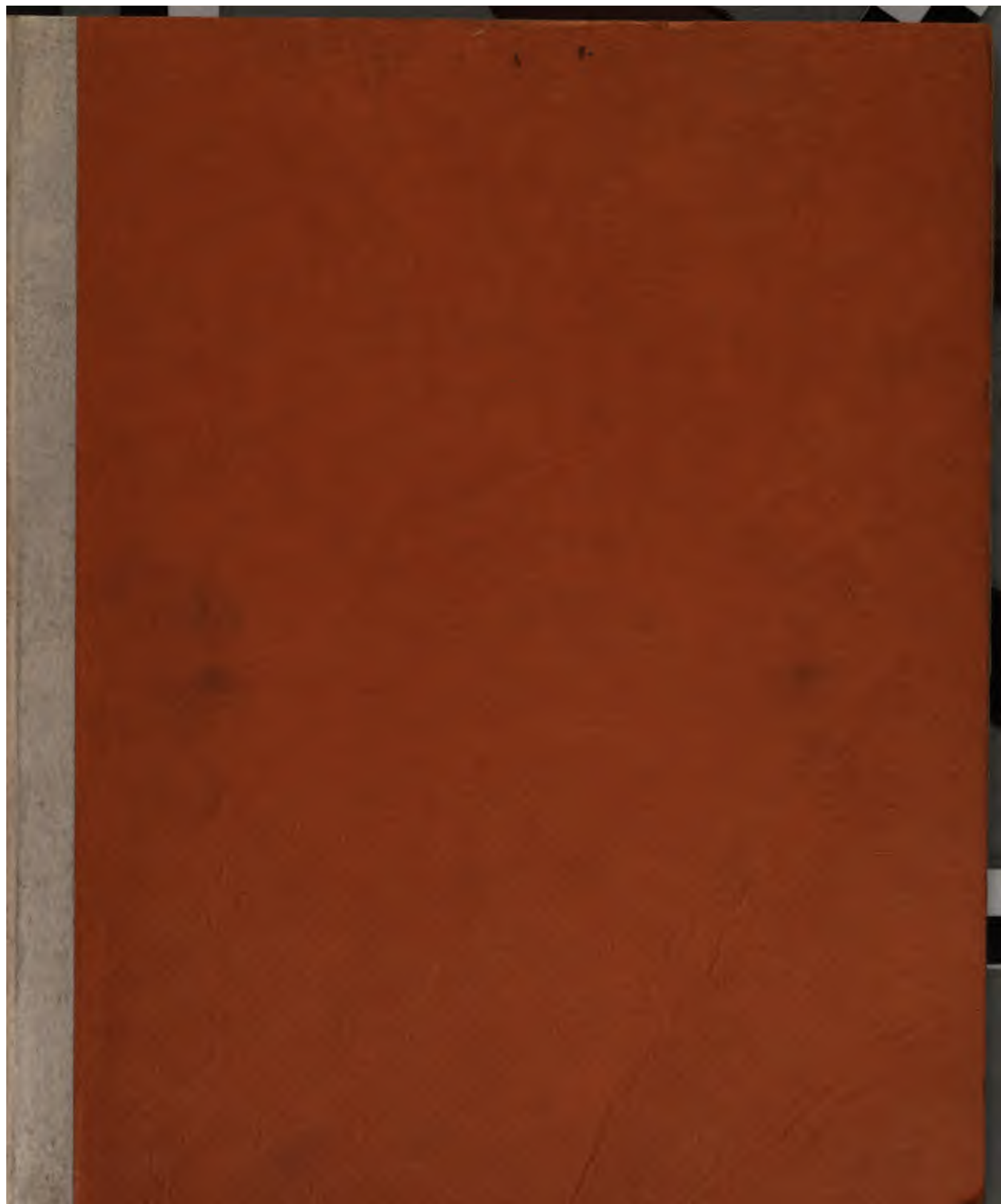
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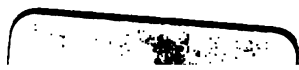




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d. 156



This little Poem^{sd} was written by ^{Mr} Edward Walpole, Son of the famous prior Minister ^{Mr} Pitt Walpole, afterwards Earl of Oxford, & though not a great performance is by no means destitute of poetical merit. An allusion to Young's Epigram is made in every two lines, and tho' the whole is sometimes very happily.

if Mr Edw^d had applied himself to Poetry as intensely as he did to Music, he would probably have made no inconsiderable figure in it.

S K E T C H

O F

T H E T I M E S.



The little book now under review
is a reprint of the famous
"Lectures on the Principles of
Geometry" by the great
geometer, Euclid. It is
a reprint of the edition
published by the
University of London
in 1825. The book is
written in a clear and
concise style, and is
well adapted for use
in schools and colleges.
It contains all the
essential principles of
geometry, and is
well illustrated with
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S E T H S

10

S E T H S

10

A
S K E T C H
O F
T H E T I M E S,
For A. D. 1769,
CORRECTED AND ENLARGED:

And now reprinted for A. D. 1771.

By E. W.



L O N D O N,
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in PALL-MALL.
MDCCLXXI.

Det. from Books





A
S K E T C H

O F
T H E T I M E S.

BREATHING sedition, a rash fiery band!
Of all th' unfettled humours of the land!

With brazen front rebellious gives the law,
And freeborn Riot bids the King withdraw.

Patient that King and just, of upright mind
And almost to a fault humane and kind.

B

Who

6 A S K E T C H O F

Who cherishes what tyrants make their spoil,
The darling freedom of his native soil :

Whose cares paternal on her follies wait,
Who dreads, in her extravagance, her fate :

Who, great and good, to soften, heal, and save,
Submits, and is himself her willing slave ;

The slave of brutal lawless Liberty,
And for her sake alone will not be free :

Yet sees his country, by her wild debates,
The jest of nations, and the scorn of states.

While envied blessings of unmeasur'd price
Are stak'd by fools, like trifling sums at dice :

Too deep the play, where each way Ruin gapes ;
Where, win who may, the public ne'er escapes.

They'd carve their way through blood to what they seek,
And change their plan and doctrine once a week.

The proud inferior first, bold faction's tool,
The bane of order, decency, and rule;

The pest of all free states : he bows to none,
Preeminence the gift of Heav'n alone.

" Down with all titles ! down with lords ! " he cries :
" Be no distinctions left but good and wife ! "

Himself a sage, if you'll but take his word,
And good as wife, yet somehow not a Lord.

A Lord ! he scorns the thought, he treads on Kings ;
And soars above all courts, on patriot wings :

He scans the whole, no part to him's unknown,
Master of all men's business but his own :



He loves his country : yet, oh strange to tell !
No friend he has dare love it half so well.

To save his country, tortures he'd endure ;
Fearless where safe, heroick where secure ;

8 A S K E T C H O F

And real Liberty (that word of strife)
Glares through each daring action of his life.

But see him where he thinks he is not seen,
Within the precincts of his own demesne ;

The petty tyrant of a helpless few,
Claiming all earthly homage as his due ;

There equal justice is but little known,
And Liberty, alas ! confin'd to one :

The trembling wife, the child, th' indentur'd clerk,
Bear witness that the Brute can set his mark.

Fain would he think he feels the same controul,
And government too mild distracts his soul,

That leaves him to the sense of juster times,
And his own curses, to reward his crimes.

The various characters that form the whole,
Are hardly worth the trouble of a poll ;

T H E T I M E S.

9

Yet some shall serve to mark the bigger class,
From whence derives the vile corrupted mass.

Who pines for fame with specious parts elate,
Dreams of each rogue that did subvert a state.

The mobled patriot idol of a day
Barters his truth and soul for one huzza.

*The Mob itself thinks all might get do :
But wishes Government would not*

The private vicemonger, by public zeal,
Draws a veil o'er his crimes and sins at will.

The desperate, whose ebbing cash runs low,
By gen'ral rapine trusts to see it flow.

Cast statesmen in succession fill the cry,
And give themselves and all they did the lie.

Thus Pride, Revenge, Vice, Vanity, Distress,
Are leagued to ruin one who seeks to bless :

5

Thus contraries and opposites combine,
And men whom no good-cause could ever join :

Thus

the last Couplet is taken out of an Epigram written

Thus Anarchy to Government pretends,
And Freedom's parasites are deem'd her friends;

Such friends as brought proud Athens to the ground,
As Rome once nurs'd, and England now has found.

~~over a bough the which spring from the
The fruitful bough that breaks beneath its weight;
The crouded sail that sinks the golden freight;~~

The blood too rich that bursts the turgid vein,
The high-swoln stream that drowns the fertile plain:

To these fair pictures Freedom may resort,
To view her wanton, senseless, cruel sport;

Emblems of all that's wild, or weak, or bad;
True portraits of Prosperity run mad.

Oh Liberty, the lust thy charms inspire
Endangers thee, and sets the world on fire.

Chaste Liberty may God protect and bless,
And damn the prostitute that apes her dress!





1

